



# Olive Oil

The toast would taste better with egg, but there aren't any,  
so I pour a thimble-sized serving of olive oil on, to make it more

flavorful. I like the taste of olive oil. It reminds me of the time  
when I was eighteen and jumped clear over the hood of my car

because I could. To be more specific, olive oil is the part where  
I leave the ground and I'm in the air, halfway across. Right then,

before landing on the other side. That's the taste of olive oil.  
It also tastes the way Madagascar sounds when you say it

backwards. If there were olive oil cologne, I would wear it and if  
there were olive oil goldfish, I would have two in a bowl on the

table. For some reason, it is also a man swallowing lighter  
fluid because the pain in his belly is bigger than the Kalahari

Desert. But maybe that's only when you drink it straight; and  
sometimes it tastes like Brigitte Bardot. To be more specific,

in the scene where she is sunning naked in Capri, an impossibly  
blue ocean wrestling with the sky in the distance.



## Paul Suntup

Paul Suntup is a freelance web designer. He has edited 3 books of California poetry published by Tebot Bach. His work has appeared in numerous publications including Spillway, Rattle, Artlife, Cider Press Review and ISM. His poem Olive Oil was selected by Billy Collins to appear in the anthology, 180 More: Extraordinary Poems for Every Day.